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THE PRINCE OF WALES

*Having been graciously pleased to signify his
Intention of giving annually PRIZES OF GOLD
AND SILVER MEDALS, for Composition and
Elocution, to the Scholars and Commoners of
Winchester College, the following Verses were
by them addressed to his Royal Highness, as
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VERSES

MOST RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

R. Chandler

Sint MÆCENATES, non deſerunt MARONES.

YE venerable Shades, whose Names on high,
'Mid the bright Records of Eternity,
Foremost in Fame's proud Temple shine, enroll'd
In Characters of Adamant and Gold :
Friends of Mankind ! Ye, who in Days of Yore
First dar'd the Paths of Science to explore,
And bade the dawning Light of Reason throw
It's sacred Influence o'er the World below ;
Say, holy shades ! in what auspicious Land
Did Learning first her Infant Plumes expand ?
What soft'ring Power the human Soul refin'd,
And op'd the latent Treasures of the Mind ?

ÆGYPT, the Praise be thine ! From thee began
Arts, that adorn and soften rugged Man.—
Yet not, in earliest days, was thine the Fame
The Soul to kindle with Poetic Flame ;
GENIUS OF ANCIENT GREECE ! to thee belong
The Pride and Glory of the Epic Song ;

'Mid the Caroufals of the festive Hour,
 To Chiefs of high Renown and Regal Pow'r,
 The mighty Bard swept, with a daring Hand,
 The ringing Harp, that sung at his Command
 Hosts in dread Conflict on the Trojan Plain :
 The Din of Arms and Shouts were heard again !
 Thus grac'd with honours on a * Silver Throne,
 HOMER poured forth his Strains in deep majestic Tone.——

But hark ! what rapt'rous Tumults rend the Skies !
 Full on my Sight the Plains of PISA rise !
 The Clarion sounds—Hope flashes from each Eye ;
 Each eager Bosom pants for Victory :
 While Heroes, Sages, Bards, in Contest join,
 And Laureate Wreaths the Victor's Brows entwine :
 Such Wreaths, where never-fading Laurels blow,
 Circle the Brows of Scepter'd HIERO ;
 Starting from Sleep, with sounding Plumes, on high
 The " THEBAN EAGLE † " mounts, and tow'rs above
 the Sky.

Oft did thy Streams, ILISSUS ! cease to flow,
 While the rapt Audience heard the Tale of Woe,
 When gorgeous Tragedy, in Stile divine,
 Presented THEBES' or PELOPS' wretched Line ;
 Their Meed, a Garland and a deathless Name,
 Rous'd the THREE RIVALS ‡ of Dramatic Fame.——

* See *Odyssey*, B. 8, L. 65. HOMER is supposed to have represented himself in the Person of DEMODOCUS, who is seated on a *Silver Throne*.

† PINDAR, patronized by King HIERO, whose Praises he celebrates.

‡ Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides

Patron of Arts, of Arms: IMMORTAL GREECE!
 Thus didst thou train thy generous Sons in Peace,
 Bade them the rugged Paths of Glory try,
 And spread the genuine Flame of Patriot Liberty.

Next by thy Channels, NILE! the "PLEIAD CHOIR"
 Felt Inspiration's warm, but milder, Fire.
 Hail, PHILADELPHUS! here thy generous Toil
 Heap'd Piles on Piles, rich fraught with Learning's Spoil!—
 'Twas then THEOCRITUS, in melting Strains,
 Trill'd his soft Pipe, and charm'd the list'ning Plains;
 Thy fav'ring Voice inspir'd the grateful Lays,
 That join'd the Patron's to the Poet's praise.—

Yet Bounty soon withdraws its potent charm;
 No kindling Fancy glows, no Raptures warm!—
 All dark and cheerless!—'Till the LATIAN PLAIN
 Transported heard the golden Lyre again.
 What Time, by Tiber's Streams, in later Days,
 AUGUSTUS bade the Torch of Genius blaze.
 Then LIVY's† "milky Current" flowed along,
 Profusely rich, majestically strong.
 With graceful Ease the polish'd HORACE strung
 His various Lyre, and loftier MARO sung;
 He, who his daring Vessel steer'd from far
 By the clear Light of the MÆONIAN STAR,

* Seven Poets, called the PLEIADES from their Number, viz. Aratus, Callimachus, Theocritus, Lycophron, Apollonius, Nicander, Philicus. They were all patronized by PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS, who founded also the celebrated Library of Alexandria.

† "*Livii lætae Ubertas.*"

And, riding o'er the wild Waves, proudly bore
The Grecian Muses to the Latian Shore.

See at each Pore th' unwieldy Empire bleed :
And long, long Tracts of wild'ring Gloom succeed !
~~And~~ Ignorance, her baleful Influence spread,
Then Superstition rear'd her Monster-Head ;
And, Hand in Hand, th' infernal Friends controul
The free-born Will, and chain the struggling Soul :
'Till came the blissful Hour, when SCIENCE broke
Her Gothic Bonds, and spurn'd th' Oppressor's Yoke :
(High tower'd th' exalted Form : her boundless eye
Compas'd the Earth, and pierc'd the starry Sky ;
While, o'er her storied Vest, a blazing Zone,
Work of immortal Hands, with pure Effulgence shone !)
" How long (she cried) shall Slavish Bigotry
" Forbid the conscious Mind her Powers to try ?
" 'Tis past—Immortal LEO's golden Reign
" Restores each Art to Life, to Fame, again !
" By thee, my Son, bright Meteor of thine Age,
" Hist'ry* unfolds her Philosophic Page ;
" By Thee, the Canvass speaks ! the Marble breaths !
" By Thee, the Muse her fairest Garland wreaths !
" Go—Add new Trophies to thy Father's Name,
" And more than rival great LORENZO's† Fame."

* In the Reign of Leo X. flourished Guicciardini and Machiavel, both of whom he patronized.

† Lorenzo de Medicis, Father of Leo the Xth.

She spake—and lo ! congenial Bounty pours
 It's fertile Streams o'er LATIUM's happy Shores !
 Then, ANGELO, thy Pencil dar'd display
 Th' Eternal Sire, enthron'd in Blaze of Day :
 TITIAN's bright Colours glow, like Nature, warm :
 From RAPHAEL's Touch a Thousand Beauties charm ;
 The chaste Expression—the correct Design—
 The mingled Light and Shade—the bold, the faultless
 Line.—

Then PICO's* piercing Mind unlock'd the Store
 Of Learning's Depths, and Wisdom's holy Lore.
 Immortal VIDA pour'd the Classic Strain,
 And lo ! the MANTUAN MUSE reviv'd again ;
 Then lofty TASSO sung th' embattled Host
 Of Christians, warring on the sacred Coast,
 Heaven's chosen Armies ! while the Pagan Band
 Shrunk back dismay'd, and own'd th' Almighty's Hand !

Nor here alone :—this Energy divine
 Bids other Realms with rival Trophies shine—
 Tho' Faction storm'd, and Persecution's Rod,
 In PHILIP's† Hand, was drench'd in human blood,
 Behold, in Adulation's grateful Tear
 HERRERA‡ decks the Tyrant's curst Bier !

* GIOVANNI PICO DE MIRANDULA, a Nobleman of most extraordinary Talents, as a Critic, Poet and Philosopher.

† PHILIP the Second, of Spain. See HAYLEY's Essay on History, Page Epistle 3, L. 125.

‡ ANTONIO DE HERRERA, a Spanish Historian of great Repute.

See polish'd FRANCIS* nurse in Gallic Air
 Aspiring Worth, the Patriot's noblest Care !
 E'en blood-stain'd HENRY† bows his haughty Will
 To Poet's Magic, and to Painter's Skill :
 While gallant SURREY‡ taught the British Grove
 To found his War-worn Might, his peerless Love.——

ALBION, thou favour'd Isle ! though LEO's Reign
 From grateful Poets wake the rapt'rous Strain ;
 Yet didst thou see, e'er yet had Isis' Stream
 Paus'd with Delight, to lull a Poet's Dream,
 Thine ALFRED, glorious from the Dane's Defeat,
 Woo the fair Nine to OXFORD's hallow'd Seat :
 (Oft to the Spot did shadowy Forms repair,
 And broken Warblings charm the Midnight Air :
 Oft did the Shepherd Swain, the Village Maid,
 Transported hear, and love the glimmering Shade.)
 Thine too a RICHARD§, whose undaunted Fire
 Would boldly sweep th' Enthusiastic Lyre ;
 While Warriour-Minstrels, rang'd sublime aloof,
 'Mid high-arch'd Windows, taught the rafter'd Roof
 To peal with Rapture, as their Hands explore
 Fantastic Fiction's inexhaustive Store :
 And matchless BLONDEL led the tuneful Throng,
 As first in Deeds of Valour, first in Song.

* FRANCIS the First, of France.

† HENRY the Eighth, of England.

‡ HENRY HOWARD, Earl of SURREY, in the Reign of Henry the Eighth,
 greatly improved the English Poetry. See Warton's History of English
 Poetry, Vol. 3, P. 2.

§ RICHARD I. Cœur de Lion.

Next, conqu'ring EDWARD† braids the Laureate Bough,
 And "CRESSY's Wreaths in CHAUCER's Numbers blow."
 But these faint Gleams, these dawning Lights forerun
 The broad Effulgence of the full-orb'd Sun,
 When brighter Glories grace ELIZA's Sway,
 When fabling SPENSER pour'd th' instructive Lay :
 And raptur'd SHAKESPEARE, "Fancy's darling Child,"
 Tun'd to the Lyre his Numbers, sweetly wild.
 When glorious Anna stretch'd her soft'ring Hand,
 And Science smil'd, and Genius blest'd the Land.
 E'en when no Breast shall beat at MARLBOROUGH's Fame,
 No rising Transports kindle at his Name,
 POPE's manly Strains shall 'scape the general Doom,
 And Heav'n-taught NEWTON live : the World, the World,
 his Tomb.—

Thus bright the Flames with purest Lustre shine,
 Which Glory lights at Science' hallow'd Shrine :
 The Shrine, which rais'd on Judgement's solid Base,
 Which, rear'd by Genius, and design'd by Grace,
 Majestic stands, and, like the strong-rib'd Rock,
 Defies th' embattled Storms, the Earthquake-Shock.
 There sits IMMORTAL SCIENCE, thron'd on high,
 And crowns her favour'd Sons with Immortality !——

THOU too, GREAT PRINCE, in whom serenely shine
 The genuine Splendors of the BRUNSWICK LINE,
 Thou, with fresh Glory (were it our's to give)
 Should'st still with them thro' distant Ages live,

† Edward the Third.

By Thee be shar'd Imperial EDWARD's* Praise,
 'Twas HIS, the FOUNDER OF THESE WALLS to
 raise;
 His Worth to recompense with liberal Hand,
 And aid the Work, his Patriot Bounty plann'd.
 Then was this stately Fabrick rear'd!—'Tis THINE,
 To add new Lustre to the grand Design:
 To kindle virtuous Emulation's Flame,
 And bid the youthful Bosom pant for Fame:
 Whilst WYKEHAM, (as he sits enthron'd above,
 And views his Offspring with a Parent's Love,)
 With conscious Pride elated, smiles to see
 Their FRIEND, their PATRON, and their PRINCE in
 THEE.

Deign then, ILLUSTRIOUS PATRON, to receive
 Such Thanks, as WYKEHAM's grateful Sons can give:
 And (though the great, the glorious Theme require
 A DRYDEN's Force, a MILTON's matchless Fire)
 Accept these humble Lays, nor O! refuse
 The rude Effusions of an Artless Muse,
 Whose feeble Voice, in Numbers weak, essays
 To join the full-ton'd Choir, and swell the Note of Praise.

* Edward the Third.

GEORGE CHANDLER.

Winchester College, 1796.

